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PORTUGAL'S ELECTION

—Francis E. McMahon

THE

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

THE EXECUTION OF IMRE NAGY

ONCE AGAIN Moscow and the Communist Party have shown that they can shock and surprise a world in which brutality and treachery are almost daily fare. Inured as we are to the calculated brutality of Communist Russia, the execution of Imre Nagy and other figures prominent in the Hungarian revolt of 1956 still arouses a spontaneous and instinctive revulsion. There are those who say the act, however violent, however shocking, should occasion no surprise. We have had sufficient evidence, they say, of the ease and callousness with which Communists use force when they find it profitable.

It is a simple matter, of course, to document such a statement. Since the death of Stalin, whose reign was admittedly one of terror, the world has witnessed the East Berlin uprisings of 1953, in which unarmed workers faced and were cut down by Soviet tanks; it has seen the Poznan riots of 1956, in which the workers' cry of "bread and freedom" was silenced by gunfire; it has seen the later Hungarian revolt in the fall of 1956, when Soviet tanks and troops were sent in to crush the resistance and once again subdue the country. The Hungarian massacre proved to those who momentarily doubted that Nikita Khrushchev, in spite of his thorough denunciation of Stalin at the Twentieth Party Congress earlier in the year, was willing to resort to Stalin's methods.

With a history as sharp and insistent as this, how can the murder—for this, of course, it is—of Nagy and his companions any longer surprise? Are not the indignant and outraged responses from countries around the globe merely ritualistic and useless gestures? Does the United Nations Special Committee on Hungary do anything more than reveal the impotence of the organization when it releases a special statement deploring the executions? Has not the Soviet Union won another victory by successfully making a show of naked force before the entire world—free, subjugated and neutral countries alike?

Some answers to these questions are possible. Wherever the execution of Imre Nagy was accepted without surprise the forces of Communism have gained a victory. For however realistic is one's estimate of Communist treachery and however strong one's expectation that it will eventually reveal itself, the particular act must continue to startle and offend the live conscience. The statements from around the world are expressions of this common human reaction.

THIS PARTICULAR crime—the summary execution of significant figures in the Hungarian revolt—was not, moreover, something which was easily predictable. It would be to the advantage of the Russians, it was presumed, to gloss over, in so far as it was possible, the Hungarian revolt. There was, too, the public knowledge that the present Premier of Hungary, Janos Kador, had given to the Yugoslav legation, where Nagy had taken sanctuary, a written guarantee that Nagy could safely leave to return home. And, in spite of the conflicting attitudes the Russians have recently shown toward the desirability of a summit meeting, they have taken every opportunity to portray themselves as peaceful, upright citizens of the world. The execution of Nagy and his companions would seem to be so strongly opposed to their recent actions that every political analyst has attempted to see beyond the executions to the reasons that motivated them.

At least part of the answer is supplied by the Russians themselves. *Pravda,* the official Communist organ, warned: "Let [the execution] be a

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lesson for all those who are planning plots." This warning is taken with some seriousness by the Yugoslavs, who, reportedly, anticipate a new Stalinist reign of terror under the guise of discovering and suppressing alleged plots against a Socialist order. And Poland, wedged precariously between Eastern Germany and Russia, will necessarily be careful in further developing a "national Communism."

Whether this sufficiently accounts for an act to which the Russians must, surely, have anticipated the widespread revulsion is debatable. And, of course, other plausible reasons have been advanced. Moscow, it is said, was acting in response to Mao Tse-tung, who has vigorously suppressed the forces of "revisionism" within China. It is also possible that Khrushchev, whose words and early deeds promised a relaxation and a change from the planned terror of Stalin, has been forced to give way to the Stalinists within the Party. Or even that he himself has revised his earlier opinions about the best way to deal with Titoism within Eastern Europe.

But, like many opinions about the motives behind particular acts of Communist brutality, these are grounded firmly in speculation. They will be confirmed, or disproved, only when we learn more about the inner power struggle of the Communist rulers. What *is* evident is that the rulers of the Kremlin feel sufficiently strong to be insolent in the face of widespread condemnation. But they, too, are fallible and subject to error in estimating the import and influence of such an act and its subsequent condemnation. How far the reverberations of this crime will extend no one can know, nor the depths of resistance it may engender.

It is this that we must keep in mind. Neither our indignation nor the U.N. statement will restore Imre Nagy and his companions to life, nor will they immediately weaken the Communist empire. But within the last several years we have seen students, workers and intellectuals turn against successive acts of Communist brutality. The Party continues to attract those who are fascinated by power, but it fails to recruit, as once it did, those who are truly idealistic. The Hungarian revolt went beyond such people as Imre Nagy, but he remains a symbolic figure. To keep alive the issue of his death is to continue to draw upon the strength of that revolt. It is to ensure, as far as we are now able, that the Hungarians who died in that revolt did not do so in vain. It is to insist, not only upon the destructive force of Communism, but upon that spirit which will continue to oppose it.

A STEP BACKWARD

SEGREGATIONISTS in the South are jubilant over the recent court order granting the Little Rock school board a two-and-a-half-year delay in the integration of their schools. This ruling, made by United States District Judge Harry J. Lemley, would suspend integration at Central High School until 1961, on the grounds that the presence of Negro children in the school this year, and the Federal troops called in to protect them, had created a "situation of tension and unrest." The two-and-a-half-year delay was granted by Judge Lemley, he said, for the purpose of "maintaining educational standards" and "eliminating, or at least ameliorating, the unfortunate racial strife and tension which existed in Little Rock during the past year and still exists there."

Judge Lemley is quite right in saying that racial strife and tension existed in Little Rock during the past year and still exist there. It is undeniable that the situation at Central High School is unfortunate, painful, even dangerous. But it by no means follows that this deplorable condition will be remedied by the school board's abandonment for two and a half years of its integration program. It is likely rather that in the long run the situation will be worsened by such a retreat.

The suspension of integration at Little Rock may be thought of by Judge Lemley as a "breathing spell" for a beleaguered community, a means of enabling it to fulfill the Supreme Court directive to integrate the public schools and yet avoid bloodshed and violence. But those who are opposing integration think of this delay in quite other terms. They greeted the decision as a victory for the cause of segregation, a victory in their campaign to defy or circumvent a law of the land which they do not like. Obviously, the two-and-a-half-year period of grace will be used by them to mount further, perhaps stronger, attacks on the authority of the courts and the Federal Government; obviously, the grace period will not be used to help "eliminate, or at least ameliorate" the terrible conditions they have themselves deliberately fomented.

It should be remembered that the strife and tension in Little Rock, which Judge Lemley cited, did not simply happen. They exist because die-hard segregationists, with Governor Orval E. Faubus as their chief spokesman, defied the law, took violent action to thwart the orderly, voluntary procedures of Little Rock's own school board. It seems unreasonable, and more than that, a very dangerous precedent, to give the racists their will precisely

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because they have managed to bring about a situation of danger and unrest. White supremacists elsewhere may well feel encouraged to produce, with their dynamite and mobs, situations as ugly as the one they created in Little Rock, if they believe that the creation of these situations will block the integration they hate so fiercely.

However we look at it, postponing Little Rock's integration problems for two and a half more years seems a step in the wrong direction. It is more than four years since the Supreme Court handed down its historic decision, and certainly the "all deliberate speed" formula has been interpreted to give the states all the time and deliberation they could in fairness expect. But when, in its own time, a community begins its effort to comply with the law, when it commits itself to the integration of its school system, by whatever plan it chooses, the successful accomplishment of the process calls for a firm adherence to its commitment. The suspension of integration in Little Rock until 1961 would represent a surrender to outlawry in that community and the encouragement of it elsewhere; it would mean that in 1961 the whole agonizing process would have to be begun again in Little Rock, and carried on then in the face of opposition grown stronger by its victory now.

STEADFAST

AFTER HIS stunning defeat in the California primaries, it requires no great perception to suggest that Senator William F. Knowland's political philosophy is not quite in tune with that of most citizens of his state. The Senator stands for no-nonsense right-wing Republicanism, including the need for "right to work" laws, and this is the platform he presumably expected Californians to rally round. His expectations, particularly that union members would leap at the chance to repudiate their union leaders by voting for a union-buster, were, he discovered, woefully mistaken.

And in the matter of reciprocal trade we suspect he is equally mistaken. California is known to be one of the states profiting most from the foreign trade made possible by reciprocal trade agreements, with many millions of Californians dependent for their livelihood on foreign trade. Still, like a King Canute who refuses to believe his senses, Senator Knowland goes on doggedly offering his constituents his now battered set of "higher" principles, opposition to tariff reduction being almost as high a principle with him as opposition to the union shop. We disagree with Mr. Knowland on both these points, as well as most others, but it's hard not to admire his rock-like determination.

FARM WORKERS FROM MEXICO

EVERY YEAR hundreds of thousands of Mexican workers are brought into this country to labor on U.S. farms, by virtue of a special agreement between Mexico and the United States. Last November The Commonweal published an article called "At the Prevailing Rate" which described the conditions under which these Mexicans "braceros" work and live. Elsewhere in this issue we print an exchange between Robert C. Goodwin of the Department of Labor, who criticizes the article severely, and Ted LeBerthon of the Central California *Register*, its author, who replies to Mr. Goodwin's criticisms. Here we want only to call the attention of our readers to some recent developments which are of interest in connection with this exchange.

Unless Congress takes action, the law under which the "bracero" program operates is scheduled to expire in June of next year. In recent weeks, therefore, a House agricultural subcommittee has been taking testimony in an effort to determine whether or not the program should be extended. Among those who testified on the subject were Monsignor George G. Higgins, director of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and Father James L. Vizzard, S.J., vice president of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference.

Monsignor Higgins announced at the outset that in opposing the program he was speaking not only for the N.C.W.C. Social Action Department but for the Bishops' Committee for the Spanish-Speaking and for the Catholic Council for the Spanish-Speaking. He presented several documents for inclusion in the record of the hearings, including a resolution by the Catholic Council for the Spanish-Speaking urging the complete termination of the Mexican worker program, and a statement by the well known moral theologian, Father Francis J. Connell, C.SS.R., asserting that Catholic farmers are obliged in conscience, except under most exceptional circumstances, to refuse to participate in the program as it is now conducted. In his own testimony, Monsignor Higgins denied that the program helps Mexico or our own national relations with that country. "There are admittedly many serious economic and social problems in

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Mexico," he said, "but we have it on the authority of the Mexican Bishops, who are close to their own people, that the 'bracero' program in its present form, far from alleviating these problems, tends to aggravate them and, in addition, helps to create new ones."

In his statement Father Vizzard describes the evils which "apparently have become an unshakable part of the Mexican farm labor program." Although an area must be certified as suffering from a shortage of local labor before low-cost workers from Mexico can be brought in, cases of "gross negligence" and of "venal collusion" have occurred in such certification. "Intolerable and inhuman conditions" often prevail in the contracting centers in Mexico, and much of the housing and transportation provided in the United States is "unsanitary, unsafe and wholly unsatisfactory." The law requires that "braceros" be paid no less than the prevailing wage, but in many cases employers "simply decide unilaterally what might be the absolute minimum they can get away with" and that figure "then becomes the prevailing wage."

In the last fifteen years, Father Vizzard noted, supporting this program has cost the U.S. taxpayer $100 million, a sum which "is, in effect, a direct subsidy to a relative handful of U.S. farm employers." In addition, the "bracero" program causes hardships which extend far outside of the ranks of the Mexican workers themselves. "As long as a large mass of foreign competitive labor is available, the critical problems of U.S. domestic migrant workers will continue to be impossible to solve." In regard to the general concept behind the "bracero" program, Father Vizzard noted simply that "many students of U.S. history see in the Mexican farm labor program a none-too-subtle substitute for slavery." If the program must be continued at all, Father Vizzard concluded, there should be only a temporary extension with the clear understanding that it is "provided solely for the purpose of allowing reasonable time for fundamental readjustments."

After Monsignor Higgins and Father Vizzard had given their testimony, Archbishop Robert E. Lucey of San Antonio, executive chairman of the Bishops' Committee for the Spanish-Speaking, issued a public statement to express his thanks to the two priests for their efforts "in so ably arguing the cause of the human and social rights" of the Mexican laborers. Despite their testimony, however, and that of others along similar lines, the arguments of those who favor the program may win out in the end; the political pressure brought to bear on Congress by large growers who want cheap labor is very strong. But one thing at least emerged very clearly from these hearings: in criticizing the "bracero" program Mr. LeBerthon was in very good company, indeed.

BAN ON TERROR

SIX MAJOR Jewish organizations recently called on Congress for help to prevent repetition of recent dynamite attacks on synagogues and community centers in the South. To this end, they urged the establishment of a clear jurisdictional basis for the F.B.I. to enter such cases by passage of a law prohibiting the importation or transportation in interstate commerce of explosives to be used in violation of Federal or state laws. These proposals, we think, deserve serious consideration.

When suggestions to expand the area of Federal power are made, the burden of proof is, and should be, on those who make the suggestion. In this case, proposals for new legislation follow a series of terrorist bombings in the South, aimed at Jewish centers and carried out by rabid segregationist groups, presumably because Jewish spokesmen have refused to defy the Supreme Court. There is considerable evidence to indicate that these attacks follow a pattern of organization covering several states, and local officials have made little progress in solving them. Unless something is done, this failure by local law enforcement agencies will mean new violence and terrorism in the months ahead, at the expense of the constitutionally guaranteed right to free speech—in this case, ironically enough, free speech on behalf of the law of the land. In such a situation, it would be foolish to let a healthy fear of too much Federal intervention blind us to the fact that mob terrorism can often impose a worse tyranny than governmental power.

COMMUNICATIONS

NEW YORK'S Acting Postmaster, Robert K. Christenberry, is reported in the N.Y. *Times* as complaining about the hopelessly misaddressed mail that pours into the city. But one of the "dead letters" he cited, addressed by a radio or T.V. fan to "The Station to Which You Are Listening, New York, N.Y.," has us giving thanks. Just think—it's quite possible we've been spared the delivery of innumerable angry letters addressed to "The Editors of the Magazine I Am Now Reading." Around here, we believe in counting our blessings.

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Heidegger and Humanism

The successive images of man that science and ideology, the offspring of Western humanism, have proposed are unsatisfactory because they limit man

by THOMAS MOLNAR

THE NOBEL PRIZE awarded to Albert Camus once again focuses our interest on the state of humanism today. In the French writer's work, one of the highest expressions of contemporary humanistic thought has been distinguished; with it, man's anguish in a meaningless universe has received, as it were, official acknowledgement.

What are the characteristic marks of this humanism? Its freshest, literary version has familiarized us with the image of Sisyphus, a man toiling without illusions, yet content at his day's work. Behind this image there is the rehabilitated attitude of the Stoic sage, resigned, firm in the face of suffering and death. Then, presenting us with a seeming paradox, we discover the mid-century hero, the *engagé* or committed man, rebelling at the sight of injustice, but hesitating to build a new system out of fear of a new tyranny.

These are images and figures of pessimism and nakedness, painted with Kafka's dark tones and evoking, like Camus' last novel, *The Fall,* the blackness of unanswered questions. They leave contemporary man foundering, his confusion and guilt growing like trees in hell, bearing in abundance fruits of despair. The humanistic movement which, even in the recesses of the scholar's study-room, used to radiate optimism, a will to live and a desire to build, this humanistic movement is now broken like a bird's wings after an exhausting flight. And the nest is not in view.

The present generation of young humanists, Camus' generation, is sensitive enough to know that it has reached a dead-end street. The most lucid of its members now understand that the Great Pan is dead, that as Guardini put it, "natural man has proved to be a failure." Moreover, traditional humanism no longer has the strength to support a world view, let alone to justify action. In order not to find itself exiled to the fringes of society or locked up in the ivory tower, humanism has successively allied itself with science, technology, liberalism, socialism, even Communism, and has inevitably suffered by their vicissitudes. As a basis for a philosophy and as a way of life, humanism used to provide a precious shelter for science in its period of growth, and for the concept of a scientifically organized society. By the eighteenth century, these three, humanism, science and utopia, were in close alliance; the Encyclopedia of Diderot and D'Alembert, for example, was, to quote Professor Arthur Wilson's excellent study, at the same time a "repository of knowledge," an "intellectual and emotional stimulus" and a "window opener" towards unlimited social vistas. But in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries science and the scientific society have won out, leaving the philosophy of humanism a mere ideological residue. Humanism appears then as a straggler in the movements of modernism, a venerable yet embarrassing reminder of the heroic age, too verbose and not sufficiently aggressive. With its two vigorous offspring firmly on their own feet, humanism is now the elderly mother, piously nodding approval at their antics.

This approval, however, is today a matter of indifference. The forces which may shape the morrow are emancipated of the tutelage of humanism, and freed of its cumbersome partnership. Science and utopia need no philosophical justification for their victorious advance. In fact, for them, as for the partisan of a new humanism, although for different reasons, humanism, in the words of Joseph Pieper, "is no longer *credible.*" It has become a venerable cemetery of slogans; it is the death-valley of the intellectual landscape.

SINCE HUMANISM was, essentially, the "cause of man" and a belief in his rationality and goodness, the inhumanity of the last war—which was also the apotheosis of an anti-human technology—proved the

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failure, in fact the absurdity, of humanism as a philosophy of man. It seemed then, as it seems now, that man is bent on committing suicide, but not without first degrading himself. After the war, the tragic voice of Malraux expressed our anxiety when he asked "whether man is dead on the old soil of Europe."

These preoccupations prompted the young French philosopher, Jean Baufret, then engaged in a thorough study of existentialism in the magazine *Confluences,* to address a letter to Heidegger, asking him: "How could we give humanism once again a meaning?"

The German philosopher's answer to Baufret was later published under the title of *Letter on Humanism.* In addition to being, in part, a restatement of certain fundamental ideas expounded in *Sein und Zeit,* the *Letter* cuts through the Gordian knot of contemporary philosophical entanglements, and may well have given a new direction to the meditation of this age. One should remark that, in spite of the serious difficulties and frequent obscurities of the Heideggerian style—the philosopher attempts to construct a new language as a tool for speculation—we feel in Heidegger's writings a quality of directness, as if the thought took shape under the efforts of the pen. He possesses, to the highest degree, moreover, the creator's consciousness, the self-assurance of the sage who demands absolute loyalty to his work from those intent upon understanding him.

Heidegger is in a rather uncomfortable position—and was even more so at the time of Baufret's question to him in 1945—when he sets out to criticize the modern concept of humanism. It is well known that his inaugural address as Rector of the University of Freiburg in 1933 was interpreted as a welcome to Nazism, the philosophy of force, and was considered especially reprehensible since it was pronounced at a center of learning made illustrious by Heidegger's master, the great Jewish philosopher, Edmund Husserl. In his *Letter,* Heidegger takes particular care to emphasize that to be against the modern interpretation of humanism does not imply a rejection of all its possible forms.

On what grounds does he condemn contemporary humanism? Heidegger is the philosopher of Being, a concept whose secret was lost with the pre-Socratic Greek thinkers. He has Parmenides' distrust of multiplicity, and reproaches the modern world for its over-indulgence in ideas, systems, causes. The misunderstanding of those who pair him off with Jean Paul Sartre—an association against which Heidegger has always protested—arises from the notion of *commitment* to which both subscribe, but to which they give very different meanings. In fact, Sartre's concept of engagement is what irritates Heidegger most because it illustrates the surface involvements of modern man, who rushes from one system to another, each time crying "Eureka!" and identifying each of his successive love affairs with ideological phantoms as the true one.

Heidegger's indictments, however, include more than the impatient ideologues: he accuses the whole of Western philosophy of mistaking, in its search for Being, the various entities it has found for the original object of the exploration. Thus, at different periods and in various schools, Heidegger says, we find Being described as "mind," "matter," "will," "change," etc. This hurried identification of the part with the whole, of the appearance with reality, of the not-yet-found with the safely-possessed, is inevitable for the non-philosopher, whose life-interests move in the sphere of slogans and publicity. But it is inexcusable and tragic in the case of the philosophic man.

The philosopher knows—as Father Bochenski remarks in his comments on Heidegger—that man's characteristic trait is his constant search for Being. But throughout the five hundred years of Western humanism—*humanitas* is a Greco-Roman concept, adopted by Renaissance scholars—man's rationality played the central role (as against the irrationality of the "barbarian"); it became his trademark, the symbol and guarantee of his dignity.

Denis de Rougemont has termed the Christian concept of the human person the irreducible essence of Western civilization. But since the Renaissance the human person has been badly split, his rationality stressed, and the wealth of his other aspirations ignored. The enthusiasm of the seventeenth century for science had narrowed the concept of man and the scope of his knowledge; in the eighteenth century the ideal was no longer the divinely inspired, existentially rich human person, but the "machine man" of La Mettrie, and Condillac's living statue constructed through the successive addition of the senses.

Thus it has been taken for granted that with every hurdle of irrationality successfully cleared, man would reach higher degrees of humanity. "But even the noblest definition of man that humanism has worked out," writes Heidegger, "falls far short of describing him." The successive images of man that science and ideology—the offspring of Western humanism—have proposed are unsatisfactory because they limit man; they either enclose him in ambiguous definitions such as "rational animal," or confine his aspirations to historical forms such as "free citizen," "liberal bourgeois," "class-conscious proletarian," etc. But man's dignity is not to be found in the forms elaborated by science and history; "man's dignity is his belonging to Being."

WHAT IS Being in the philosophy of Heidegger? If this can be answered, it may be easier to understand Heidegger's contribution to a re-interpreted humanism which, in its present form, combines a man-centered doctrine alienating man from himself, and a society-centered ideology content to approve and carry out collective plans.

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Being cannot be named. We are impatient in our exile from it and, in our impotence, are turning around in circles. Yet, "if man may one day come closer to Being, he must first learn to live in what has no name." The crisis of humanism is that the rational animal, proud of his analytical faculties, wants to know all, name all, wants "to master all existing things," and manages merely to accumulate obstacles between himself and Being. By these obstacles Heidegger does not mean only objects, catchwords, mass-opinion; more subtle and also more resistant are the obstacles which modern philosophies call *values*. But precisely: the humanist who places man and his "values" above all denies Being and degrades it to the level of subjective valuation. Such a person holds with Sartre that "life has no meaning a priori . . . it is up to us to give it a meaning, and value is nothing else than this meaning which we choose." This is why Heidegger emphasizes that his "opposition to humanism is no defense of the inhuman." It stems, rather, from a desire to rehabilitate Being itself in the eyes of the humanistic philosophers.

If man is not merely a rational, value-positing animal as contemporary humanism sees him, but, as Heidegger writes in his strangely archaic, poetic-prophetic language, "a shepherd of Being," it follows that "his essence consists in being more than man." Now this is a capital statement from a contemporary philosopher. So enamored are popular and academic philosophies of "values" that we are led to believe that the more we embrace of the latter, the deeper we cut into the stuff of reality and the longer roots we extend into the soil of cultures. If "man is the sum of his acts" as existentialist humanism teaches, then more value-creating acts mean a richer "presence" in the surrounding ocean of absurdity. But if Heidegger is right, then the *engagé* is not the ideologue, and even less the Camusian "stranger" whose philosophy consists in inventing reasons to stay alive and in accumulating "values" to populate an empty universe. If Heidegger is right, the real *engagé* is the Philosopher who is, at the same time, the Poet, willing to take the leap into "that which cannot be named."

Is this insistence on a "return to Being" the first step toward irrationality? It is well known that when the head of the logico-positivist school, Rudolph Carnap, intended to illustrate, in his book on logical-grammatical analysis, the *meaningless discourse,* he chose a text by Heidegger which he proceeded to demolish. But Heidegger's quest for Being is not an irrational enterprise; it expresses the philosophical necessity to see the world of man once again clearly, stripped of ideological sediments, political clichés, valuating and nihilating approaches. He is bold enough to declare in a verbal and verbose age that Being, whose primacy we must recognize, is *ineffable*. In this he agrees with Gabriel Marcel, who wrote: "Being is not something which we can discuss. We can discuss only that which is not Being and thus, indirectly and humbly, map and mark out the tracks that lead towards Being." The Poet who is also the Philosopher is best qualified for this exploration, Heidegger teaches, because he can follow the direction of Being which is "a project, a mission." He will lead us away from the gulfs of Nothingness, and towards the plentitude of Being.

WHAT IS Heidegger's message to Baufret, to all of us who believe that the new wine of humanism should not be poured into the old vessels of ideologies? The message is unmistakable: it suggests that humanism, in its recent and present forms, has supplied various orthodoxies with a good conscience and with a set of slogans in the noise of which great causes have been confused and compromised. It suggests that humanism does not and cannot propose a new image of man which would account for his tragic destiny and make room for a salvation commensurate with his anguish. Humanism is still committed to the abstractions and optimism of the Enlightenment, as if our age had not experienced a series of Dantean journeys through the underworld. When the humanist speaks of freedom, it is still in the sense of extension, not of intensification; he still believes in Rousseau and the Jacobin dogma, he welcomes the inhuman devices of manipulation provided they are labeled with the slogans to which he has been conditioned to react favorably; he is still proud of a rationalism that has become a myth.

Responsibility for these errors must be laid at the doorstep of the ideologue and the man of science. It is their failure, in the first place, that man's soul today is divided and his consciousness immersed in misery. It is the inherent logic of their position—leading them from the physical subjection of nature to the spiritual enslavement of man—which has forced our contemporaries to confront the alternative: live for Being, or drift without direction. They were the ones who prepared and then welcomed this loss of wholeness.

Therein lies then the guilt of the ideologues and of the men of science, although we should not deny them one merit: that of having quickened the crisis. Yet, if humanism is to be restored among men, it must reimmerse in a higher reality than man's self, and find goals which transcend him. We cannot go on believing in man as a supreme reality, for man is imperfect, and more imperfect in proportion as he idolizes himself. Where politics and science have failed, philosophy and poetry may try to burn new paths. What awaits men at the end of these paths, nobody may know. But often the point of departure and the direction fill the heart with enough faith to make the journey well worth taking.

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Opposition to Salazar shocked the ruling powers and alerted the rest of the world

Portugal's Election

by FRANCIS E. McMAHON

PORTUGAL has rarely been in the headlines during the last few decades. History was unrolling there, but largely in a subterranean fashion. With reason the London *Times* could describe the developments under dictator António de Oliveira Salazar as the "quiet phenomenon." But the quiet was shattered—perhaps permanently—by the campaign for the presidency of Portugal which culminated in the election of June 8. The government candidate won, and his triumph occasioned no surprise. But what alerted the world and shocked the ruling powers of the country were the symptoms of unrest brought to the surface by the unorthodox campaign of the leading opposition candidate, General Humberto Delgado.

The President of Portugal has scarcely more than a ceremonial status. He is invested in theory with the power of appointing the Prime Minister. A "safe" man is always designated for the post. The regime's candidate this year was Admiral Américo Tomás. It had been expected that he would be elected, in uneventful fashion, by the usual thumping majorities, and that the opposition candidates would abide by the customary formula of withdrawing from the race after a somewhat desultory campaign. But General Delgado remained in the contest until the finish, and his vigorous fight aroused the nation and the world.

With complete lack of inhibition, Delgado challenged the very functions of the Salazar regime. A volatile character, and not devoid, to be sure, of a trace of demagoguery, he struck out against what he believed to be a decrepit system that had, in his view, deprived the Portuguese people of their basic liberties, that had failed to solve their economic problems, and that was stifling the cultural life of the nation. "To the present government," he cried, "we repeat what we said. We're tired of you, we're tired. Get out, get out—retire, retire!" He promised to oust Prime Minister Salazar if elected.

Up and down Portugal the forthright General waged his battle during the few weeks he was allotted by law to campaign. His meetings drew crowds, and his words provoked a sympathetic response. Even though support for him required "write-in" votes, the government showed its concern by taking vigorous counter measures. Mounted police broke up a pro-Delgado rally in Lisbon; in other cities also violence was employed to scatter the crowds. The General was forbidden to speak in one place on the pretext that his meeting would interfere with a religious festival. His followers were harassed: scores were arrested, including his seventy-year-old campaign manager, philosophy professor Viera de Almeida. The regime kept a firm grip of the facilities of radio and the press.

The outcome was never really in doubt. Conceivably, Delgado might have failed to win over a majority in a completely free election, but the government took no chances. The limited period allowed for campaigning, the ban on public demonstrations, the jailing of Delgado's lieutenants—these measures alone indicated that the government never intended to sponsor a serious election. Why then was it ever held? The best answer appears to be that Salazar, though profoundly antipathetic himself to democratic processes, feels constrained to go through the forms occasionally. Plebiscites are common enough in modern dictatorships. The democratic ideal is too popular to be ignored completely, especially by a country like Portugal, a member of the North Atlantic Pact. But matters did get out of hand in the recent election. There are reports that henceforth the President will be chosen by the rubber-stamp National Assembly.

General Delgado won approximately twenty-three per cent of the votes cast. Anywhere but in a dictatorship this would be a poor showing. But standards of voting strength in a democracy have no relevance to the plebiscites in countries under strong-arm rule. The General's showing is all the more impressive when contrasted with the results of last year's election for the National Assembly, when opposition candidates were able to garner but ten per cent of the returns. Delgado lacked an effective political organization, and he lacked a positive program. But combined with a forceful personality was a deep-seated conviction that the people of Portugal had grown tired of a regime that insisted upon treating them as children in need of the watchful eye of a father-dictator. His emotionally-toned speeches gave expression to resentments that had been more or less smoldering for thirty years.

Mr. McMahon, a regular contributor, wrote "Thirty Years of Salazar" for our May 30th issue.

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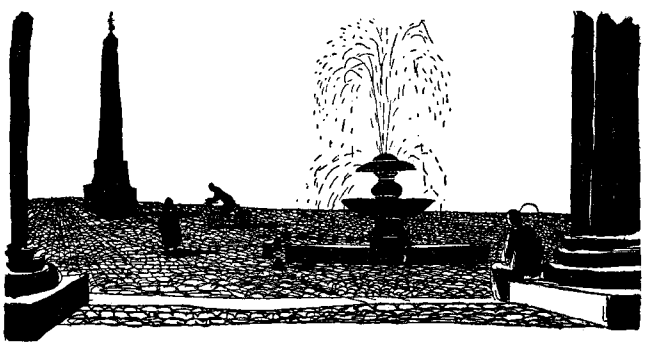
AS POLITICAL campaigners are wont to do, Delgado indulged in some exaggeration in his depiction of the plight of Portugal under Salazar. The country is not exactly a cemetery in which the hopes of freedom and economic betterment lie buried. Portugal is not Russia. Salazar has not sacrificed millions of lives to the Moloch of industrialization, as Stalin did. There are degrees of oppression among dictatorships, and degrees of violation of the basic human decencies. Nor has Salazar's tenure been wholly without some positive accomplishments. Even Delgado grudgingly acknowledged that the Prime Minister, in the early years of his rule, had "tidied up" the country through his financial policies.

The Portuguese scene, nevertheless, is pretty grim. If the bombast of the opposition candidate sometimes led him into excessive charges, it carried a central core of truth. The vaunted corporative order of Salazar has not attacked the central economic problem at its roots, the problem, namely, of distributive justice. Many supporters of the regime are willing to grant that the upper classes have tightened their hold upon the economy and resources of the country. The standard of living is still the lowest in Western Europe, despite some improvement in recent years. Illiteracy is still a major problem, with forty per cent of those over fifteen years of age unable to read or write.

But it is above all the lack of political and cultural freedom that is at the heart of the Portuguese problem. There is no reason to question the substance of the General's charge that he stood for "the persecuted intellectuals, the university graduates without means of work, the abandoned artists, the writers intimidated by the censor, the technicians denied the possibility of giving their best, the muzzled journalists—in fact, all that in other countries represents a true level of culture." Peoples in Africa a few generations away from primitive culture are developing regimes of self-government. The South American nations are rapidly throwing out their strong men, and demonstrating that men and women of Latin blood can govern themselves as effectively as the Anglo-Saxon peoples. But the Portuguese, among the prime molders of Western culture, are denied the right to rule themselves. This is the central evil that the fiery Delgado exposed during his campaign.



Salazar has argued that the political chaos of the French Republic would be reproduced in Portugal if parliamentary democracy were established. He foresees the emergence of a half a dozen or so political parties, with consequent instability in government. It is an objection that opponents cannot ignore. But the French themselves are trying to meet it today, and without despairing that a democratic solution can be found. Another Latin country, Argentina, has evolved a device by which, despite a multiplicity of parties, the danger of instability is reduced to a minimum. One suspects that Salazar has not deeply concerned himself with seeking a solution along the lines of popular sovereignty. For behind all his objections to the workings of the democratic process lies a deep and irrevocable adhesion to another and opposed type of political philosophy.

There is a lesson in this whole matter for American Catholics. They do an injustice to the cause of Christian truth when they describe Salazar's Portugal as a "good" dictatorship, as opposed to "bad" dictatorships, or when they hail the regime, as one writer some years ago did in an American Catholic monthly, as an "applied resumé of Catholic political philosophy and of the papal encyclicals." Unfortunately, it would be simple enough to garner from the pages of some Catholic journals over the years tributes of more or less the same tenor to Mussolini, Pétain, Perón, and, of course, to the darling of them all, Franco. Even Trujillo has been lavishly praised. It has been sufficient for dictatorships of the Right to show some outward partiality for the Church to win the unreserved admiration of not a few editorial pundits in the Catholic press. The time has come for this form of political naiveté to disappear.

THE QUIZ

Suppose an angel slipped down on a rope
Of twisting silk and landed in a tree
In front of your white porch, a telescope
Fixed to his side and maps spread on his knee.

Now would you trample down the wooded stairs
And stand within the shadow of his wings?—
Demand he quit your property and scare
Yourself with a furied mind's imagining?

Perhaps you'll take those treasured maps outright
Believing other hemispheres are there
Encompassed on that chart. Or will you crowd

The glass against your eye and fiercely stare
Across the mountain ridge and through white cloud
Into a lion's roar of perfect light?

WILLIAM J. GOODREAU.

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Violators of the child labor laws have little to fear even if they are caught

Children at Work

by HAROLD B. JACOBSON

EVERY STATE has a child labor law, and the Federal Government has three—all designed to protect children by regulating hours and working conditions. But how good are these laws, and are they being enforced?

Over 11,000 children were illegally employed in violation of federal law last year, according to the U.S. Department of Labor. Still, for a country employing over four million children, this report does not look too bad, on the surface. Beneath this surface, however, the statistics tell a different story, a story of enforcement failure on both state and federal levels, a story of needless death and maiming.

For while federal investigators reported 11,344 child labor violations in 1957, they visited less than six per cent of the firms subject to the law. And almost four thousand of the reported violations concerned the employment of children in "hazardous" jobs alone. Typical cases include that of a fifteen-year-old boy in the Midwest who was killed while operating a freight elevator; his head was crushed as he leaned out of the rising elevator. And that of a sixteen-year-old boy in the Southeast who was hit in the chest by a broken belt while working in a sawmill; unconscious when taken to the hospital, he was pronounced dead on arrival. And that of a seventeen-year-old New England boy who had the two middle fingers of his right hand cut off while operating a paper-shredding machine. Obviously, the Federal Fair Labor Standards Act is supposed to protect children against accidents on jobs like these, but evasion of this law has been commonplace for years.

The F.L.S.A. also provides that children under sixteen can work on farms only "outside school hours." But farmers throughout the country have found an easy circumvention of the law. They simply close the schools when the labor of the children is needed. And here is an example of what can happen when rural schools do remain open. Last year, Penn State University conducted an experimental school program for migrant children in Ulysses, Pa. On rainy days the school was packed; on clear days it was empty. Dr. Frank Mann, project director, went out to the fields on one of these sunny days and saw the missing children —six, seven, and eight years of age—digging potatoes.

The Sugar Act of 1948 is another Federal law with a built-in loophole. This act gives sugar growers special benefit payments, but withholds them from growers who hire any child under fourteen, or where children fourteen to sixteen work more than an eight-hour day. The gimmick is that the law does not apply to children belonging to the owner of "forty per cent of the crop," and by "selling" the crop to itinerant families, sugar growers can evade this restriction completely.

NO GIMMICKS are needed to evade state child labor laws, as they are in the case of federal statutes. It would seem that if any group wants special privileges in child labor it merely has a new law passed. State legislatures appear to be very accommodating, and state laws are riddled with exemptions. Top honors in the exempt class go to agriculture. Every state has some provision granting special exemptions to farmers. Children who work on farms can be treated differently from other children. In many states, they can start working at a younger age; they do not have to get work certificates; they have no compulsory meal periods; they do not even have to go to school.

The Horatio Alger rags-to-riches tradition is also protected by exemption. Newsboys in most states have the privilege of selling newspapers at lower minimum ages, and at longer and later hours, than other children. New Hampshire, for example, recently lowered the minimum age for newsboys from fourteen to twelve. The legislators placed only one restriction on these future tycoons: they can not deliver their papers before five o'clock in the morning. In addition, newsboys are saddled with a fiction called the "little merchant" system. Under this system, they are considered independent contractors and can not collect workmen's compensation. This relieves publishers and distributors from taking out insurance to protect the little merchants when they are injured on the job.

Bowling alley operators are also active in the exemption dodge. A survey by the National Child Labor

Mr. Jacobson has made a special study of child labor laws. This is his first appearance in The Commonweal.

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Committee reveals that sixty per cent of pinboys are fifteen years old or younger; sixty-eight per cent work until 11 p.m. or later; and thirty-three per cent are injured on the job. Still, in the face of these statistics, eleven states have no minimum age for pinboys at all; one state has a twelve-year minimum; and thirteen states allow children over fourteen to set pins. In Delaware, a fourteen-year-old boy can work in a bowling alley until midnight.

A majority of the states also grant special exemptions to caddies, bootblacks, domestics, switchboard operators and workers in canneries, hotels and retail stores. One state, Virginia, even gives itself an exemption. Boys sixteen and seventeen can not work in Virginia from midnight to 7 a.m. and can not work more than an eight-hour day and a forty-hour, six-day week, but by special law, this does not apply to the Virginia State Department of Highways.

In addition to exemptions like these, many states have substantially lowered child labor standards in general during the past few years. In 1955, for instance, Utah relaxed its standards almost to the point of collapse. The minimum age for factory work was reduced from sixteen to fourteen; for farm work outside school hours the minimum age was reduced from fourteen to ten; for newsboys and caddies the minimum age was reduced from twelve to ten. Florida also amended its law last year to allow fourteen-year-olds to work until 10 p.m. instead of 6:30, and child labor laws have been sabotaged by amendments recently in Delaware, Oklahoma, Virginia and Wisconsin, as well.

Strange as it may seem, pressure to relax our child labor laws is nowadays stronger than ever, and more subtle. "Free enterprise" was the slogan used by industrialists to fight reform legislation in the early days of the child labor crusade. Today the campaign to repeal or weaken the child labor laws is advancing under the pretext of combating juvenile delinquency. Various authorities are cited in blaming child labor restrictions for the rise in adolescent crime. A Juvenile Court judge in the state of Washington, Judge William G. Long, spoke of "an antiquated feature of our civilization which makes it difficult if not impossible for the average youngster under eighteen to take a useful job even when he finds one. I refer to the so-called 'child-labor laws' which tend to force all adolescents into idleness. . . ." And Margaret Mead, would renowned anthropologist, also recommends that fourteen-year-olds unhappy in school be permitted to quit school and go to work. She claims that such a move would reduce juvenile delinquency.

Behind these attacks is the argument that opening more jobs to our teen-agers would curb delinquency: put more youth to work and we will have less crime. This argument sounds fine, but it just does not stand up. "According to the Decennial Census for 1940, one out of twenty youngsters between fourteen and seventeen were employed," says Mr. Sol Markoff, Executive Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee. "In 1950, this figure doubled, with one out of every ten at work. Despite this increase in youngsters working, there has been a marked and serious increase in juvenile delinquency." Other observers make the same report. Professor Kathryne E. Mullinix, of Louisiana State University, declares that "war-time employment of adolescents, with undermining or evasion of child labor laws, not only failed to stem the rising tide of juvenile delinquency but actually contributed to it."

The complex problem of juvenile delinquency will not be solved by repealing our child labor laws. Child labor legislation is merely being used as a scapegoat for our failure to come up with any real answers to the problem.

HOW MANY child labor violations are committed each year? Nobody knows for sure; nobody even dares to make an estimate. At the federal level, according to official records, investigators visited less than six per cent of the 800,000 establishments subject to the law. At the state level the pattern is the same. Last year, New York reported 5,598 violations but only covered thirteen per cent of its child labor work-load; Alabama reported 955 violations on seven per cent coverage; Illinois showed 644 violations on five per cent coverage.

Moreover, although agriculture is the largest single violator, it gets the least attention. Farmers accounted for almost half of all federal child labor violations last year, yet they were involved in only one out of twenty investigations. By far the toughest to control, of course, is migrant child labor. There are 600,000 migrant children on the move in this country, according to the U.S. Office of Education. These children account for one-fifth of all federal violations, but state violations involving migrant children are low for the simple reason that few states bother to protect them. In twenty states, migrant children can work at any age, any time, any hours. Even in those states with laws, inspectors often submit to community pressure and ignore violations.

Thus if exemptions and loopholes have pulled some of the teeth out of our child labor laws, then failure to enforce them is blunting whatever bite they may have left. Agencies charged with enforcement are pitiably understaffed. For example, working at the same rate they did last year, the Federal Government's 494 inspectors will be able to visit each establishment covered by the law once every seventeen years!

Some states do slightly better. New York, with 230 inspectors, will cover each establishment once every eight years. But how long will it take Delaware, New Mexico, Wyoming, and Washington to cover their

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states—with one inspector each? How many inspections can be made by Maine, Arizona, Oklahoma, Utah and Nevada—with two investigators each? How thin can Tennessee spread its three inspectors? Or Virginia its four?

The enforcement picture is further distorted by an economy bill introduced in Congress last March by Senator Irving M. Ives of New York. Among other things, this bill allows the Federal Government to withdraw from child labor enforcement in any state where standards are as good as federal standards, thus leaving enforcement in state hands. Senator Ives is trying to save a fast federal dollar at the expense of better law enforcement, but it would be far wiser to split the heavy work-load between federal and state agencies and get the better coverage so badly needed.

What is most disheartening is that violators who are caught have little to fear from the law. There is no record of anyone ever going to jail for a child labor violation, although the law provides for it. Fines are generally less than you would get for a speeding ticket, and judges are quite likely to suspend sentence. New York, for example, one of the better states in child labor enforcement, brought seventy-three employers to court out of 4,370 violators last year. Eight were acquitted, nineteen received suspended sentences, and the average fine for those found guilty was seventeen dollars.

But even with flabby laws and understaffed agencies, a change in investigating procedure would help. Today the same Federal inspectors who look for child labor violations must also enforce federal minimum wage, over time pay, safety and health, and public contracts laws. The same is true for state agencies. New York inspectors cover minimum wage, industrial homework, hours, and wage payment laws in addition to child labor. In Kentucky, inspectors have eight different laws to enforce.

Except in special cases, inspections are mainly scheduled to cover these other laws, with child labor only a secondary target. Two years ago, however, federal investigators did a blitz job on prune ranches in California, looking specifically for child labor violations. Out of eighty-three ranches inspected, seventy-seven were found guilty of child labor violations. Four hundred and sixty-four children were found to be illegally employed, one hundred ninety of them ten years old and younger.

Still, no matter how carefully such investigations might be planned, the only real answer to our child labor problem is better laws and more investigators. Unfortunately, prospects for better laws are remote, and prospects for getting more money for more inspectors is even more remote. These days, budget-balancing legislators are not appropriating money for this kind of social welfare.

THE SCREEN

A BLINDNESS TO COLOR

WHILE HARDLY anyone now accuses the movies of dishing up only escapist fare, those who look at films with a critical eye often wish they would go farther in the fields of social significance. Ever since "Lost Boundaries" broke the ice so effectively, movies have spoken up more and more frequently on Negro and other racial problems. The latest in this line is "Kings Go Forth," which is not entirely satisfactory as a movie but is very well acted and surprisingly frank in discussing the problem of miscegenation.

"Kings Go Forth" is a war movie, set in 1944 in the south of France, where the American Seventh Army was meeting considerable resistance from the Germans. It is also a character study of two men, expertly played by Frank Sinatra, as a battle-fatigued lieutenant, and Tony Curtis, as a brash corporal fresh from the States. Sinatra, who narrates the film and admits being a self-made man, resents Curtis—not only because the corporal "was born rich and handsome," but also because he tried to use some of his riches to bribe his draft board. The lieutenant takes on the corporal as his radio operator, gives him a hard time and then becomes friendly when Curtis proves a hero in a stunt that later exposes Curtis for the phoney and opportunist he really is.

While on leave on the French Riviera, Sinatra meets an attractive young American (Natalie Wood), who has never been to the United States. When he later declares his love, she replies she likes him but does not love him; furthermore, she says, it is time he knew that her father, now dead, was a great man and a Negro. Since her birth, she has lived with her white mother (Leora Dana) in France, "where they have a blindness to color." Back in the war, the lieutenant recovers from the shock of learning that this lovely girl is part Negro, and on his next leave he continues his courtship. But through Sinatra the girl meets Curtis and falls madly in love with this debonair and handsome young man who takes over where Sinatra left off. Curtis displays a so-what attitude toward the girl's Negro blood and carries on a whirlwind courtship that ends—not in marriage, as the girl expected, but in near-tragedy when Sinatra discovers what a cheat and cad is this young man who never had the slightest intention of marrying a Negro.

Although "Kings Go Forth" gets too melodramatic in some of its war episodes, especially when Sinatra and Curtis go on a special mission and Sinatra makes it clear that he will kill Curtis, the picture commands serious attention. Merle Miller's well-written script

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(from the novel by Joe David Brown), Delmer Daves' lively direction (especially of the two men) and Frank Ross' good production throughout all add up to a thoughtful movie that has the courage to make some honest though unpleasant statements about the racial situation in the United States. It is unfortunate that the war scenes confuse the issue and that the villain is simply an unmitigated cad, but "Kings Go Forth" nevertheless deserves applause.

ANOTHER action-with-thought movie that is not entirely successful but has the courage to attempt an unusual plot is "The Bravados." It starts with Gregory Peck, whose dead-pan expression throughout the film would be the envy of Alan Ladd, riding into a small Spanish-American town where four men who killed a bank teller while committing a robbery are to be hanged the next day. Director Henry King builds up a great deal of suspense about the hanging and about Peck's interest in the four men. Not until later do we learn that Peck suspects them of being the four who six months earlier raped and murdered his wife. While the whole town, including a reluctant Peck, is attending novena services in church that night, the four criminals escape. The posse starts after them at once, but Peck waits until the next morning when he joins the hunt and takes charge.

Striking out on his own, Peck encounters one of the criminals (Lee Van Cleef) and kills him; then Peck catches up with a second criminal (Albert Salmi) and hangs him. He leaves the posse at the border and kills the third man (Stephen Boyd) in Mexico, and then trails the fourth, an Apache (Henry Silva), to his home. The Indian gets the better of him—and also makes it clear to the embittered Peck that none of the four men had anything to do with his wife.

There is much more to the plot than this—some of it interesting, in the script written by Philip Yordan from the novel by Frank O'Rourke, and some if it just filler, like the pointless role played by Joan Collins to add a romantic theme for Peck. But I can't remember any film in which we are supposed to care for a leading character who so ruthlessly kills three men by mistake. In talking to the priest in the small town later, Peck accuses himself of killing not for the sake of justice, but for revenge. He admits his wrong, however, and at the finale asks the crowd, who came to applaud him, to pray for him. Although "The Bravados" has its weaknesses as a film and quivers too often with violence, it also has Herbert B. Swope's handsome production and plenty of first-rate photography (in CinemaScope and De Luxe Color) of rugged country that matches the rugged story.

JUST TO PROVE that the movies still make fluff, there's "This Happy Feeling," which has some delightful clowning by Curt Jurgens, as a middle-aged actor, and Estelle Winwood, as his hard-drinking housekeeper. But it also has some stale jokes and a silly story about a pretty-but-dumb secretary (Debbie Reynolds, who deserves better roles) who thinks she's in love with the suave actor instead of with the boy-next-door (John Saxon) whose age and style are closer to hers. Since this movie was based on F. Hugh Herbert's stage play called "For Love or Money," it also has a touch of this playwright's "The Moon Is Blue," especially when the innocent little girl moves bag and baggage into the aging sophisticate's house. In spite of Debbie's cuteness, however, Mr. Jurgens knows when to say no.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

THE BISSELL GAME

THERE IS doubtless a term in economics for Mr. Richard Bissell's example in "Say, Darling": the energy, that is, with which he derives a play from a novel *(Say, Darling)* about the experience of fashioning a musical comedy ("The Pajama Game") out of—shall we say, The First Cause—*another* novel *(7 1/2 Cents)*. Is there an antonym to conspicuous waste? Mr. Bissell embodies it. Yet such geniality, breezy gaff, a kind, almost, of amiable huckstering fills his sporting enterprises that one resents neither their slick commercial luster nor this devious American ingenuity, an ingenuity which Mr. James Thurber has elsewhere called scraping the bottom of the pickle barrel.

Inevitably, some dilution sets in. The humors of "Say, Darling," bred out of cartoons of theater sophistication and corn-fed naiveté, lack not only freshness of impulse, but that zest which gave "The Pajama Game" its upstart charm. Nor have the interpolated songs more than a tired levity and guilt, exercises in Broadway competence which never quite arrive at irresistibility. What does sustain "Say, Darling," beyond its nimble virtuosity, is the sincerity and spontaneity of Mr. David Wayne as the erstwhile and bemused rube, his grainy good feeling and manliness, and the vein of discreet, even domestic, lunacy he seems able to tap at will. Nor should Mr. Robert Morse be slighted, and the witty success of scandal he has made with his caricature of a pampered, precocious lamb who strikes a marvelous terror into the wolfish hearts that make up Shubert Alley. *(At the ANTA Theatre.)*

RICHARD HAYES.

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PUBLIC IMAGE OF THE CHURCH

THREE WEEKS AGO I wrote on the public image of the Church and invited readers to comment. Here are two replies, one written by a Holy Cross Father and the other by the author of *Catholicism and American Freedom.*—John Cogley.

* * *

"Truth," Claudel said in one of his plays, "is not concerned with whom it convinces." It is its own justification; its own *raison d'être;* its own image. . . .

The real question then is not how *others* see the Church but how *we* see the Church. It is not how to display (and I use the word advisedly) our faith but what inward meaning it has for us; what measure of depth it attains in the individual Catholic's life.

Catholicism is a process of integration and maturation. It is a progressive assimilation of a transcendent vision of life and a bearing witness to the truth of things in their ultimate dimension. Catholicism works outwards from a central core of awareness, not from an exterior framework of organized practices. It is rooted in the conviction that there is a historical and interior projection of man towards a plenitude and a fulfillment. It is a belief that man is what he is largely by what he may become. Unless the Catholic is conscious of the unexplored regions his faith implies, and of that wide margin of mystery beyond any visible symbol of practice, he cannot possibly have any fruitful idea of his own image or know what the image of his Church should be.

I think we must courageously face the truth: a gross betrayal has been effected somewhere along the line. Somehow we have been deprived of that dimension of depth that must at all times animate the vast, social structure of the Church in time. Consequently we have reached a point where it is difficult, extremely difficult in some cases, for the Catholic to live the inner principle of his faith within the present structure. The idea of community, for example, has largely disappeared—and with it the idea of individual responsibility and commitment that community supposes. The social dimension of the Church is founded upon the individual's interior relationship to the Divine reality. The Spirit works through individuals. And in this respect Catholicism is much more individualistic than it is social.

American Catholics give evidence of this lack of depth to a frightening extent. Many of us have Puritan backgrounds; most of us have had bad educations; almost all of us are victims of a rampant semi-Pelagianism. We have a go-getting, statistical, let's-convert-the-world approach that has practically reduced the faith to a social phenomenon; so much so, in fact, that the Church not only appears as a "fearsome monolith" but comes dangerously close to being one. We go in big for slogans, crusades, counting noses in Church (and babies in prams), building projects and public relations. None of this, of course, has much to do with religion. And no Catholic is under any obligation to tolerate or conform to such a situation where he honestly recognizes it to exist.

How can Catholics change the public image of their Church? I have no easy answers. But I suggest that the individual Catholic begin by asking himself a few questions: Is his faith primarily a belief in certain truths, observing the commandments and receiving the sacraments? Or is it rather adherence to a Person through these truths, precepts and sacred signs? Is Christianity primarily Someone or something? Is it primarily God revealing, or primarily the truths He has revealed? Is it the word of God or human words supposedly authenticated by God? Is it primarily a Presence or primarily a doctrine? Is it primarily a social mold or an individual commitment? Is it morality or is it religious awareness?

I suggest that this answer will not come from the organized government of the Church; it may come partly from the press and the universities; but it will come above all from the individual Catholic's effort to achieve a measure of self-identity and personal fulfillment within himself. The image of the Church is exactly the image of the Catholic. To the extent that the image is authentic it will be clear for the whole world to see. It will be so clear in fact that the world will take up stones and cast them at us.

BERNARD G. MURCHLAND, C.S.C.

* * *

In all public relations of persons or organizations it is *reputation,* not *character,* that counts. The poor reputation of the Church in this country is due to ignorance, not bigotry, and ignorance cannot be dispelled by denouncing it as bigotry. The only effective answer to ignorance is information, education, understanding. . . .

A "good example" set by a Catholic is, of course, altogether admirable, but it is never a sufficient answer to the specific distortions and plain untruths about Catholic loyalty to various vital aspects of American life. The audience that must be reached by the Catholic advocate who tries to improve the popular image of the Church will largely believe at the start that the good Catholic is not genuine, is pretending, forced into hypocrisy by the bishops and the priests. . . .

The Catholic should understand the cause and nature of the ignorance which he so frequently meets. It comes from, and is nurtured by, two sources: (a) ancient, familiar, well-liked prejudices reaching back into his-

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tory; (b) the current rewards that are attached to the exploitation of this prejudice. They are, first, *cash,* and, second, *titillation of the emotions,* pleasing to people whose emotional life is narrow, and quite devoid of the thrills that can come from a "courageous" attack on the great Catholic Church. . . .

Catholics and others must give up the idea that there in anything wrong with *controversy*. Controversial discussion and debate is vital and inevitable in a free society; it is the way any free society lives and moves, and either deteriorates or improves. Catholics should stop advising other Catholics to avoid controversy, and should stop answering sincere questions by saying, "We never discuss religion." Informed and courteous controversy is not only respectable; it is the chief medium for the apostolate of the laity. The clergy cannot do this work nearly so well as the laity. They may know the answers better than the laymen. But the laymen know the audience better, and a sound knowledge of the audience is absolutely vital.

Moreover, in the minds of the dupes of those who peddle misinformation about things Catholic, priests are told what to say *on all subjects;* they are captive mouthpieces. In the words of Paul Blanshard, the priest is "imprisoned by ancient beliefs and forced into the role of a 'good' magician . . . [the priests] extend the directive power of the confessional into the regions of politics, sociology and economics. . . . Most important of the devices of priestly control is that of the confessional." Professor James Hastings Nichols, in discussing the "authority of the priests over the laity," writes: "The chief political device that is unique to the Roman Church is, of course, the confessional . . . in a Catholic country confession spoils all of its machinery, for it destroys the independence of electors, of representatives, of functionaries, and of the sovereign . . . in a Catholic country there is no such thing as a secret ballot."

These two men are leaders of the group now selling false and silly assumptions as established facts about their Catholic neighbors. And they are believed by the uninformed. They and their fellow-travellers in P.O.A.U. are creating and preserving the strongest possible anti-Catholic atmosphere. To borrow a phrase that seems exactly to fit, P.O.A.U. is trying to marshal "the organized ignorance" of America against Catholicism. In this situation a priest would have difficulty in getting a hearing. The layman can get it much more easily; in fact he often finds such a hearing thrust upon him in casual meetings, social, business and professional. The questions just come up.

So, as I see it, the first step is to encourage the layman never to dodge an opportunity to answer a sincere question or an ignorant or dishonest attack. Opportunities need not be sought; they present themselves. The answers need not be spontaneous; they can always be found, and presented in conversation, letter, or pamphlet. Let's have controversy—informed, courteous, but utterly frank, with names, dates, and accurate, documented quotations. There is no other way to improve the image of the Church.

JAMES M. O'NEILL.

Exchange on Farm Workers from Mexico

Washington, D. C.

TO THE EDITORS: My attention has been directed to an article in The Commonweal by Ted LeBerthon, entitled "At the Prevailing Rate," November 1, 1957.

Mr. LeBerthon's article deals in a very critical fashion with the very complex problems of agricultural labor. Constructive criticism of the programs which the Department of Labor administers has always been welcomed by the Department. Such criticism has proven in the past to be extremely helpful to us in improving the administration of these programs.

It is, therefore, extremely unfortunate that Mr. LeBerthon's presentation is so patently prejudiced and so full of inaccuracies. Readers unfamiliar with the subject would necessarily draw totally unwarranted inferences from his article.

Illustrative of these inaccuracies are two statements appearing in one paragraph of his article. These statements are based on information which the author indicates he received from other sources. He states that these sources estimate that 550,000 legally imported "braceros" were picking crops in 39 States during 1957, and that in the previous year the Department of Labor reported 435,425 such workers were harvesting crops in 25 States. His purpose is to point up that presumably 14 more States "have gotten on the bandwagon" in 1957. The published reports of the United States Department of Labor highlight very clearly these inaccuracies. These reports show that 27 States utilized 445,197 Mexican workers in 1956, and 28 States employed 436,049 in 1957. Actually, 9,148 fewer Mexican nationals were contracted in 1957 than in 1956.

Mr. LeBerthon's statement that "braceros" work under armed guards in the fields "lest any run away" and that the Mexican nationals are "essentially indentured servants" is another example of what appears to be a studied effort to create an unfavorable public reaction. The implications in both these references are without any foundation.

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Every year, many thousands more Mexicans than can be contracted eagerly seek entry into the United States to work on farms, and many return year after year. These workers while employed in the United States are free to request return to Mexico for any reason whatsoever whenever they desire. In the ten years of administration of this program by the Department of Labor and in the many thousands of investigations made over these years, not a single complaint has ever been received to bear out the author's allegations, nor have any such investigations divulged any effort to restrain the workers from freely returning to Mexico. These workers are, of course, not free under the immigration laws to leave their employment and remain in the United States.

The author's statement that Mexican nationals are contracted "under provisions of a 1942 World War II treaty . . ." is another of the many inaccuracies reflected throughout this article. The fact is that the 1942 agreement was terminated in 1947. Since 1948, Mexican workers have been brought in under several successive agreements, the most recent one now in effect being the Migrant Labor Agreement of 1951. Hundreds of thousands of copies of the Migrant Labor Agreement have been distributed to the public, and are available free from the Department of Labor or any of its regional offices.

The statement that "each (Mexican national) is . . . tested . . . as to muscles and health much as Negroes sold at auction in pre-Civil War years were 'sized' up . . ." is also a clear indication of his resort to sensationalism, and is wholly unfounded. All aliens admitted to the United States whether for temporary employment or for permanent residency are required to pass a health examination given by the United States Public Health Service to assure that they meet the mental and health requirements prescribed by law for admission to the United States. Mexican nationals are otherwise interrogated only for security purposes and to assure that they are experienced agricultural workers. Experience has demonstrated that workers with no agriculture experience will not remain on the job. Many abscond and attempt to remain illegally in the United States.

The inference that Mexican workers earning from $30.00 to $80.00 a week are left with $2.47 after "deductions" is another example of the misrepresentation in the article. Similar allegations of this kind have been disproven time and again.

The author's effort to draw the Mexican Labor Program into the area of politics is extremely regrettable. The enabling legislation, Public Law 78, was enacted during President Truman's administration. The law was not then, nor has it since been, a partisan political matter.

Immigration and Naturalization Service reports show that just prior to the extensive drive by the Immigration Service in 1954, over a million illegal entrants from Mexico were apprehended and sent back across the border in a twelve-month period. The tightening of control on the border resulted in a big increase in the demand for legal contract workers, with the protection of a worker contract. Anyone remotely conversant with the situation would be aware of the benefits accruing to both our own labor and Mexican workers by the elimination of the "wetback" from our labor picture.

We are aware of the fact that in a program of the magnitude of the Mexican Farm Labor Program there is always room for improvement. I am sure you appreciate that the problems are many and complex. The Department is attempting to conduct a migrant compliance program to assure that contract provisions are adhered to, that proper housing is provided, that all complaints are promptly investigated and corrections made, and that employment opportunities and wages paid domestic workers are not being affected.

I know you appreciate that the Department of Labor and the other organizations, private and public, attempting to deal with the agricultural labor problems are not helped by irresponsible articles such as Mr. LeBerthon's "At the Prevailing Rate."

ROBERT C. GOODWIN,
U. S. Department of Labor.

REPLY

Fresno, Calif.

TO THE EDITORS: It is amazing that Mr. Goodwin's attention was apparently directed so recently to my article, "At the Prevailing Rate," published last November 1. It is equally amazing that his protest is so well timed (unintentionally, I hope) to coincide with efforts of growers' associations and their lobbyists to secure an indefinite extension of Public Law 78, due otherwise to expire on June 30, 1959.

Mr. Goodwin strains at gnats and swallows camels. He charges me with inaccuracies and irresponsible statements. As to the number of imported "braceros"

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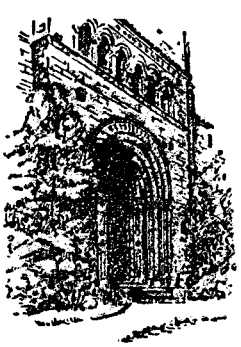

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and the number of States they labored in, I stated clearly this was an estimate by the National Agricultural Workers Union. It was made about last September, and was equated with the number at work an even year before. The Department of Labor statistics were not made public until early this year. There obviously was a decline last autumn in the number of "braceros" imported, due, I'm convinced, to a considerable protest by many informed persons to the Department of Labor, a forerunner of increasing hostile public opinion.

Father Joseph H. Crosthwait, national field representative for the U. S. Bishops' Committee for the Spanish-Speaking, has publicly stated he found "braceros" in 30 States he visited last year. He told me he learned "braceros" also were working in nine other States, but in such few numbers in those States as not to have warranted his visiting their camps. His own published accounts of what he found in labor camps makes grim reading. The horrors he relates sound like something going on behind the Iron Curtain.

Mr. Goodwin's quibble as to several new agreements between the governments of the United States and Mexico is irrelevant and evasive. The agreements and the resultant social evils have remained essentially the same. The point he evades, deliberately or otherwise, is that the initial agreement *was* a wartime emergency measure, and that there has never been any real need since to import "braceros" into *any States*. This is not only the opinion of labor leaders, but of spokesmen, again and again, for the National Catholic Rural Life Conference.

Mr. Goodwin's statements that some of mine were unfounded, and that like allegations have been "disproved time and again" finds me obliged to state that my sources of information have mostly been priests long active in an apostolate to these desolate and usually malodorous labor camps.

Instead of cluckingly regretting my "efforts to draw the Mexican Labor program into the area of politics," why didn't Mr. Goodwin simply deny my statement that the importation of "braceros" "has been greatly accellerated since the Republicans came into office in 1953"? Why didn't he cite Department of Labor statistics to refute me? He would have indeed been hoisted on his own petard. His claim that both the U. S. farm worker and the imported "bracero" have benefited from the elimination of the "wetback" is sheer poppycock. The "wetback" of yesteryears is today simply a legally imported "bracero," equally underpaid and vilely treated (by any normal standard), who still works for far less than an American farm worker, including one of Mexican descent, can survive on. This is patently why most large scale agriculturalists prefer "braceros," who work at "the prevailing rate" these growers set, and are deprived of collective bargaining rights, are ill-housed, ill-fed and often cheated.

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If Mr. Goodwin thinks the Department of Labor or its delegated State employment offices have ever effectually enforced the work contracts of "braceros," or can yet do so, he is living in a typical right wing Republican dream world. The heart of the matter is that there would be no need (since World War II) to import any seasonal foreign farm labor if growers would be willing to pay a living wage to U. S. farm workers.

Father Crosthwait found "braceros" working in Southern, Border and Midwest States last year for as little as thirty-five cents an hour. In Arkansas, he said, they had driven thousands of Negro families off plantations. Even they could not compete with the "braceros." The Department of Labor has since stipulated fifty cents an hour as a minimum wage for farm workers, local or imported, a minimum publicly denounced by Archbishop Robert E. Lucey of San Antonio as "shameful."

If Mr. Goodwin finds my account of the "bracero" program and the mistreatment likewise of migratory farm workers of American birth as "irresponsible," I wonder how he would react to a reading of Archbishop Lucey's article, "Badge of Infamy," in the June issue of *Extension* magazine. The Archbishop describes the treatment of "braceros" and migrants as "our badge of infamy, our national disgrace, a crime crying to Heaven for vengeance."

Under Public Law 78, "braceros" are not supposed to be requisitioned when local labor is available. But they *are* frequently put to work notwithstanding. If Mr. Goodwin does not believe this, let him contact Father Donald C. McDonell, California Regional Director for the National Catholic Rural Life Conference. Another priest representing the N.C.R.L.C. recently deposed, for a U. S. Senate committee, that at a time when 700 unemployed U. S. citizens were being fed daily on a breadline in Stockton, California, 425 Mexican "braceros" arrived there to go to work. This in the midst of an economic recession that presently finds more than 300,000 unemployed in California alone.

I suggest to Mr. Goodwin that he forego his concern for minor inaccuracies (gnats) and desist from swallowing the iniquitous and inequitable "bracero" program (a very formidable and unsavory camel).

TED LE BERTHON.

For more on this subject, see Page 341.

BOOKS

Rabelais Adapted to English Propriety

THE DARLING BUDS OF MAY. By H. E. Bates. Little, Brown. $3.75

By MAX COSMAN

THIS IS Mr. Bates' ripost to younger contemporaries, angry or otherwise disturbed. It takes up their challenge that life is something of a pain in the neck and retorts there is more to say than that. It rests its case on the Larkin ménage.

Not for a long time has there been so earthy a group. First, of course, is Pop Larkin, a veritable anaconda at roast goose and turkey, buns and jams, ketchup and Guinness. Nor is he a slouch at mixing spirited drinks. Peruser of "A Guide to Better Drinking" he makes potions like Rools-Royce or Red Bull which are guaranteed to set up the weak and confirm the strong. Lusty in every way, Pop dotes on his wife even when he lavishes kisses on a lone creature like Miss Pilchester. Nothing fazes him. Everything is "perfect" in the best of "perfick" worlds, whether it be an historic manor for junking or a daughter pregnant and unmarried.

Pop's abetter in physicality is none other than Ma Larkin. Her dimensions are on the scale Lachaise has accustomed us to. Certainly they are an earnest of the endless eating in which she no less than the others of the household engage. Perhaps as indulgent in another way, she has already given six pledges of love to Pop and has no intention of crying quits. Indeed, shortly before *The Darling Buds of May* comes to its robustious end, she informs him of "a funny feeling it might be twins." Since she has not been wrong before, he promptly accepts the news as "perfick" and begins to study what to call those who are due.

For the Larkins have always been believers in "jolly good names." Since Ma's favorite flowers are Zinnia and Petunia, the twins she already has naturally could not be called otherwise. As for Primrose, showing up in the spring, what else was there for her but Primrose? And so too Victoria, for arriving in plum time, and Montgomery for reminding one of the general. Only Mariette is different. She owes her name to a Larkin malapropism for Marie Antoinette.

It is she who first spots Cedric Charlton hovering about the family farm *cum* junkyard. Naive fellow, he has come down from the office of the Inspector of Taxes to right a little matter of income return for the last year. Has he a chance with his buff-yellow form? No. Pop baffles him with the cunning of an up-and-coming entrepreneur. Ma sates him with huge meals. The twins select his lap for sitting on in the landaulette. And Mariette overwhelms him with the charms of a Lilith and an Eve's assurance that he is her Adam.

Willy-nilly, Cedric becomes the honored guest. In this beginning is his end. He relaxes, he eats heavily, he drinks daringly, he earns money at strawberry time, he takes a long vacation from the office, he proclaims his love for Mariette and is accepted—in brief, he turns into true Larkin.

Underneath this jollity, Bates is serious too. Like his master in the pastoral-comical, he is funnily mad

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but north-north-west. When the wind is southerly he also knows his hawks from handsaws. He can put the finger on T.V. uplift or Welfare State sick-leaves with the sharpest of younger cynics about. And he is as deft as any older contemporary at more traditional ribbing. His handling of gymkhana gentry, for example, is out of the same manual Waugh used for exemplars of rank in *Vile Bodies*. As a matter of fact, Angela Snow, good sport at Pop's party, is a dead ringer for Cynthia Runcible.

The Darling Buds of May, then, is a switch on Bates' usually tense bucolics. It offers gusto instead of agony; Rabelais (adapted to English propriety) rather than Webster. The result is a delightful conte which, if it has no great future, at least has an entertaining present.

Sympathetic Poet

VISITATIONS. By Louis MacNeice. Oxford. $3.

By JANET FISCALINI

LOUIS MACNEICE must be one of the most sympathetic of contemporary poets. He should attract those people who, in a better time, would have formed an audience for the personal essay; he has the essayist's flexibility, sensitivity, and that tone which is at once direct and detached. His matter, most often, is the concrete and occasional event, which, in the transformation of the poem, becomes universal. The attitude follows from his feeling for the contemporary predicament, the troubled milieu. All but his most reduced verse declares or implies this concern; one wonders, sometimes, whether he abstracts any event from the close clutter of history.

His technical ability is well known, of course, and in his new book, *Visitations,* there is pleasant variety. One finds a few pieces of pure music or pure mockery; there are half-narrative, half-reflective poems, and some which are wholly "symbolic" or emblematic. The title poem, actually a series of seven poems, is concerned with the immediate experience of mystery. This is a new subject for him, and it is the occasion for the finest thing in the book, a very powerful short poem, the fourth in the series, "Jigsaws." Quotation would be useless, since the power lies in the conception and structure of the whole. But in structure and effect it resembles some of the poems of George Herbert: the language is flat, clean, and precise; the dramatic form is tight and perfect; the serious discovery shakes the ground a little.

Of the other poems which approach the problem of mystery, one is so good it deserves particular mention. "The Other Wing" is concerned with moments of myth and periods of history; there is energy, movement, and surprise in this. And there are superb lines:

> "Who later, enthroned in his talk-happy heaven,
> Felt suddenly harassed, a sky-splitting headache
> With nothing to cause it—and out of that nothing
> Hard-eyed and helmeted vaulted a goddess:
> A shuttle flew like a clacking fish . . ."

The half-narrative, half-reflective writing is almost always successful and sympathetic: "House on a Cliff," "Figure of Eight," and "Death of an Old Lady" are instances. In such poems one is likely to find a closed scene: one person or one consciousness, one mood or one action, and a significant doubling of time. The writing works in the area between dramatic presentation and speech after the fact; even those poems written in the present tense seem to imply a time just past, a moment in which the event was still real, though simplified by analysis. It is a nice distance, and nice things are done with it. This is the conclusion of "House on a Cliff":

> "Indoors ancestral curve-cum-blessing, Outdoors
> The empty bowl of heaven, the empty deep.
> Indoors a purposeful man who talks at cross Purposes, to himself, in a broken sleep."

If there are excellent poems in the book, there is also a good deal of facile and even bad writing. In the last section of *Visitations* one finds MacNeice doubling verbs and epithets, and for no purpose but a flimsy, inflated rhythm. Parts of "A Handful of Snapshots" show him playing a pretty kind of metrical parlor game; a few mellow words or phrases, shifted often enough, may pass for a lyric. This protest may sound petty, but his one facility combines with another. Concerned as he is with moral statement, Mr. MacNeice sometimes seizes a motto from the public pile, gives it a little rhetorical finish, and assumes it will serve. Thus parts of "Jigsaws" and "Visitations" move neither intellect nor imagination, only those helpless muscles which must respond to an emphatic rhythm.

Hounds to the Kill

THE ACCOUNTING. By Bruce Marshall Houghton Mifflin. $3.95

By ALICE ELLEN MAYHEW

IN BRUCE Marshall's world there are no heroes. Mr. Marshall has made a career out of stripping his characters down to their humanity and, like the little girl in the verse, they run to patterns. When they are good they are (in spite of human lapses) very good but when they are bad they are cynics or fools either by choice or by nature. There are oppressors and victims, those who know how empty the world is and those who don't and one, sometimes two, who envision the hard, exciting grind of being a daily Christian. This time they inhabit the unhappy underground of banks and accountancy in Paris between the world wars.

A drunken Englishman overhears a drunken Frenchman bragging about cheating his bank. On this flimsy evidence, a team of unhappy, underpaid British accountants are set the task of unearthing the em-

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bezzlement while the French proprietors appear to do everything possible to hinder their efforts. This is the central mystery in a book filled with mysteries and its development is piled high with false starts and reverses, easy suspicions, misleading clues and skeletons in all the closets as the men compete to uncover the villain and win the prize. The bank's officials form a suspect lot. There is a national scandal involving the misplacement of 400 million francs and the bank manager may be throwing his daughter at one of the investigators while the bank's chief accountant is hostile and the sub-manager is arrogant and panicky by turns. Everything seems to point several ways at once. Individuals are subjected to pressures which lead them to the wrong tracks. The denouement is a rather romantic touch but the actual mechanism by which the mystery is finally solved lacks drama; some of the suspense is lost in the myriad detail of accounting technique under which the characters and the reader have been laboring.

The hounds are out for the kill and somewhere, they are all convinced, there is a fox. But Mr. Marshall is interested in the hounds several of whom are involved in their own mysteries. At the head of the team of Anglo-Saxon mentalities pitched against the more devious Latin mind is a triumvirate of caricatures: a witless nobleman, a greedy playboy and a fanatic who measures life by the rules of double-entry bookkeeping and torments his arty, superficial but well-meaning wife. Mr. Marshall concentrates attention on three of the clerks. One of them is an incredibly naive novelist (potential) who sees life in black and white terms and wants to find the fraud so he can quit and write a great book. Another is a young Scot Catholic with moral compunctions. At his worst moments he would like to think of himself as Adam Smith and Thomas à Kempis rolled into one; at his better, he can see a divine order behind the human inadequacies. He suffers because he is an idealist—and also because he suspects his French wife of faithlessness. At the bottom of the scale is an older Frenchman, Dugommier, an under clerk who is one of the world's natural victims, sensitive, hated for his meek clerical face, despised for his humility and his culture and for his ability to escape the ugliness of his life in the world of poetry.

Also, shifting in and out, there are a number of minor characters including shrewish concierges, grotesque abbés, some local cynics and charlatans. There are also a number of minor mysteries, many of which revolve around a certain maison called The House of Todays Without Tomorrows through which a number of the cast pass at one time or another. In the end Mr. Marshall wraps all the characters up neatly with appropriate destinies.

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Islam Today

ISLAM IN MODERN HISTORY. By Wilfred Cantwell Smith. Princeton. $6.
ISLAM—THE STRAIGHT PATH. Edited by Kenneth W. Morgan. Ronald. $6.

By JAMES KRITZECK

WILFRED Cantwell Smith is a distinguished professor of comparative religion and director of the new Institute of Islamic Studies at McGill University. He is also a brave man. In *Islam in Modern History* he has written a bold and penetrating analysis of "a people in the turmoil of the modern world." His devastating generalizations ("The Arabs are a proud and sensitive people . . . [There is] much . . . in their past of which to be proud, and . . . much in their present about which to be sensitive") express familiar, sometimes grim truths to an Islamicist, but are likely to ruffle many a feather on Moslem and non-Moslem alike.

Islam in Modern History is not just another book for the general reader. On the contrary, it is a book for the reader who no longer needs to be told the basic tenets of Islam or the main facts of Islamic history, but who may still feel the need for an expert's guidance through the perplexing manifestations of modern Islam. The plan of the book is a simple one; after a rapid but challenging survey of Islam's place in history, Professor Smith presents a study of some major modern movements and trends (liberalism, nationalism, apologetics, and "dynamism") in that religion, and then a detailed examination of modern Islam in the Arab countries, Turkey, Pakistan, and India.

That examination is clear and balanced. It has been based upon two intelligent theses, that "an understanding of Islam is requisite insight to an appreciation of what is going on in contemporary Muslim society," and that "the Islam of history . . . is the handiwork of Muslims." It is also sympathetic and learned; among Professor Smith's citations are many from little-explored Arabic and Urdu

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sources. Of entirely extraordinary value are his discussions of the secular nature of Islamic nationalism, the dilemma of the Westernized Moslem, the philosophy of the Moslem Brotherhood, and his interviews with Moslem Turks. His analysis of the contents of the journal of al-Azhar University in Cairo (a précis of his doctoral dissertation) and his two-chapter revision of earlier opinions in his widely-quoted work, *Modern Islam in India,* are likewise most welcome.

In some places the book is almost too well documented. Although its author is passionately concerned about words, devoting many a lengthy footnote to excursus and precise definition, his terminology remains somewhat awkward. He is also much given to artificial division; everything is three-fold or four-fold. Far more grave is the geographical limitation of his work; the Islam of Iran, North and Sub-Sahara Africa, Indonesia, and the Communist countries is dealt with in four pages. Nevertheless, quite as it is, *Islam in Modern History* may be considered one of the three or four most important books on the Islamic world written during the last decade.

Islam—the Straight Path, a collection of essays edited by Kenneth W. Morgan of Colgate University, might almost serve as a companion volume to Smith's, so undeviatingly does it exemplify his analysis and criticism of modern Islam. The collection was meant, however, as a companion to the editor's others on Hinduism and Buddhism, and as the fulfillment of a truly admirable idea, "Islam interpreted by Muslims."

The book is extremely disappointing. The coverage is not so wide as the editor would lead us to believe; of its eleven contributors five are from Egypt and two others received their education there. Six essays go over essentially the same ground, Islamic belief and custom, and in almost the same words. All of the essays are undocumented; most are superficial; many are nothing more than self-assured, totally subjective interpretations of certain Koranic verses, traditions, and primary-school "facts" of Islamic history. They often read like translations from a tenth-century *majmu'ah*: at their best they are hasty, repetitive, and turgid; at their worst they are incompetent and inaccurate. All things considered, "Islamic Culture in China" by Dawood C. M. Ting and "Islam in Indonesia" by P. A. Hoesein Djajadiningrat are probably the best, because they are the most informative.

Undeniably, though, the essays do represent the state of much Moslem opinion and scholarship, and as such deserve a measure of notice and even of credit. The fact that they are so uncompelling and unsatisfactory may inspire other Moslems to better things. One would like to think that "the straight path" of the title is a translation of the *sirat al-mustaqim* ("the upright path") of the first *surah* of the Koran, or even of *sunnah* (the beaten track" used for the corpus of traditions), but it seems more likely that it is a translation of *shari'ah,* that stultifying mass of legal opinion which, more than anything else, keeps Islam from adequately meeting the intellectual challenges facing it in the modern world.

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Non-Partisan Politics, II

At this point in our national history we make no secret of our conviction that the nation and the free world are not getting from Washington the leadership that is needed. With a few obvious and honorable exceptions, we think that is true of both political parties. However, since the Republican Party is in command of the Executive branch, which bears major responsibility in the area of foreign policy, it is inevitable that our criticisms will bear most heavily on the Republicans. . . .

Who is doing the thinking in Washington — not just about today's problems but about the future? Who is judging disarmament proposals with an eye to the day when every small nation in the world may have the ability to wage H-bomb warfare? Who made the basic decisions that let the Russians achieve a massive two-year lead on us in missiles? Is anyone planning now to meet the explosion that seems inevitable in the Middle East, or will we be caught by surprise again, as we were in Latin America? What positive steps are being taken to hold together and strengthen the Western alliance? Have we thought through what our stand on Germany will be when Chancellor Adenauer is no longer in power? or on Formosa after Chiang Kai-shek is gone? Has Washington lost its power to generate new ideas and to arouse the people to the challenge that confronts us?

It may be argued that we expect too much from our national government, or that no set of political leaders could do what we think needs to be done. But we do not believe it. We remain convinced that the United States could and should have more leadership than it is receiving. We could not care less whether this leadership comes from the Democrats or the Republicans or both.

—From The Commonweal, May 30, 1958

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